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Certainly the speculative possibilities opened up by a book like Morton Prince's *The Unconscious* are fascinating to every intelligent reader, and while one may not go all the way with Freud and the psycho-analysts, one cannot deny that the theory of suppressed wishes may have large consequences.

It does seem, however, that a popular handbook of psychological guidance is at present a little premature. The layman can scarcely be expected to use technical methods of psycho-analysis, and there appears to be little else to give him except common sense dressed up. With commendable clearness and ingenuity of exposition, Mr. Pierce reveals to us in a new terminology truths that for the most part could be sufficiently well understood in the language of our childhood. He presents us with a theory of character and conduct as relations between the "Libido" and outer pressures which appears to have no advantage over older theories of conduct except that it leaves out the moral element as a superfluous bit of mechanism. It is probably true that fear tends to derange the adrenal glands, but then we have always known that fear is a bad thing. The essence of the chapter on auto-suggestion was anticipated long ago by Bishop Whately when he said that "every man of sense practices rhetoric upon himself".

As for the chapter on advertizing and salesmanship, one may say, without calling in question the utility and dignity of the art of inducing people to buy what they do not want to buy, that tact and common sense may possibly have been before psychology in suggesting that it is better to write, smoothly and persuasively, "After meals a breath-sweetening aid to digestion—Blank's Gum" than to risk giving offense by the rude command, "Chew Blank's Gum after every meal." And yet so complex and unaccountable is human nature that there may be even some persons who would prefer this brusque admonition to the subtle and smug insinuation that their breath probably needs sweetening. And if "Talcrose Powder—the perfect finish for a perfect shave", actually tends to make a man shave better, is there not some danger in hypnotizing people into the belief that they need an aid to digestion? Certainly Paul Shorey was not far wrong when he described as "highly finished nonsense" some of the recent contributions of psychology to practical life.

TRADITION AND PROGRESS. By Gilbert Murray. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

A certain refinement and subtlety of thought, sobriety of judgment, a nice discernment of human values—these are qualities that one may rightfully expect in the writings of a classical scholar. Breadth of view and penetration, on the other hand, are individual endowments, and there may be a shade of truth in the popular prejudice that they are less often found in the classical scholar than in men of another type and training. However this may be, there is no doubt that when real originality goes hand in hand with classical scholar-

ship, the result in literature is of altogether exceptional value. The man of letters who thinks vitally can do for us what the scientist or the philosopher can scarcely do. He alone is the thorough humanist, the custodian and interpreter of the great tradition. Having no system, no hard and fast method, he appeals not to the intellect alone, nor to the heart alone, but rather to the heart through the intellect. Between science and religion there is a middle ground, the ground of culture. Science does not tell us what to live for; religion does not tell us how to employ our imaginations. In the middle ground of culture are found an immense number of goods—the saving grace of tolerance, for instance, the sweetening salt of wit, the golden mean.

If one had to choose a single passage from Gilbert Murray's book of essays, as best illustrative of the humanistic point of view, one would be inclined to select a purely negative statement. Is there any such thing as real progress? he asks. And the reply shows that humility which is the beginning of wisdom: "As to that I can only admit that I am not clear. I believe that we do not know enough to answer."

There is something great in the intellectual austerity of this simple saying. The great tradition tames as well as enriches the imagination, and this skepticism is the other arm of faith—a faith that makes a man willing "to live and die for the great unknown purpose which the eternal spirit of man seems to be working out upon the earth."

No one with more precision and eloquence than Gilbert Murray has pointed out the true mission of literature or expounded its gospel. Literature is a revelation, he says, and though no one of its great sayings is perhaps exactly and finally true, every one is a beacon light to the spirit. Not until a man has both weighed the meaning and felt the aspiration of that brave guess—

Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know—

can he be called truly civilized. Literature deals with what is most intensely human in our appreciation of value and with what seems to us to verge upon the superhuman, with what lies on the outer margin of our apprehension. We cannot afford to strip ourselves of these things in the interests of dogmatic philosophy or of impersonal science. Yet in all this, the great tradition teaches us a certain moderation, a wise skepticism, a broad tolerance.

No one with more acute discrimination, or with livelier appreciation of life as well as of letters, has described the working of literature through its twin processes of *mimesis* and *poesis*—its creative, reality-producing function. None has more successfully increased our wisdom and sympathy by showing the essential likeness between our sense of life and that of the ancient Greeks, between the Peloponnesian War and the World War. And finally there is hardly another in our time who has maintained with so much firmness and moderation, and with so little dogmatism, the worth and potency of the individual human soul in its lonely stand against apparent wrong and injustice.